

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, the Fine Arts, Music and the Drama

No. 4548

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1914.

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1914.

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LITERATURE

RUSSIAN NOVELISTS.

DOSTOEVSKY is now eagerly read in English, and the collection of seventy-seven letters from him which Miss Mayne has translated is welcome, for it throws much light on the character of a remarkable man. The first of them, written to his father when Dostoevsky was 17, is a pitiful appeal for money. He was then a pupil at the College of Engineering, and in urgent need of at least 5*l.* to procure absolutely necessary things which he lacked. A few months after that, a letter he had written to his brother was delayed because he could not afford the postage stamp.

A little later he was writing to the same brother that

"the thought that through one's inspiration there will one day lift itself from the dust to heaven's heights some noble, beautiful human soul: the thought that those lines over which one has wept are consecrated as by a heavenly light through one's inspiration, and that over them the coming generations will weep in echo.... that thought, I am convinced, has come to many a poet at the very moment of his highest creative rapture."

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When leaving the army at 23 he writes: "I haven't even the money to buy civilian clothes. If I don't receive money at once I am lost. They will put me in prison—that is certain."

At 24 he reached the first rank of Russian writers at a single bound, and was, for once, able to write, "I cannot complain of poverty." He adds the information that

"all the Minnas, Claras, Mariannas, &c., have got amazingly pretty, but cost a lot of money! Turgenev and Belinsky lately gave me a talking to about my disorderly way of life."

A few months later he was again in debt, the brilliant success of his first book having been followed by the comparative failure of the next. Then came his imprisonment in a fortress, and his exile to years of hard labour in Siberia.

At 38 he was allowed to return to European Russia, and spent most of the following ten years abroad to avoid his creditors. At Baden-Baden he lost at roulette what little money he had, and both he and his wife had to pawn their clothes. But despite his poverty, misery, and ill-health ("I with my hæmorrhoids and epilepsy") there burnt within him the fire of a great artist, and, with whatever alloy, the faith of a saint and a patriot, who believed in

"the ultimate destiny of the Russian nation to reveal to the world her own Russian Christ, whom as yet the peoples know not.... In that lies the inmost essence of our vast impending contribution to civilisation."

He died at the age of 60, having attained recognition, honour, and an immense popularity, at the close of a life of intense suffering.

The transliteration which Miss Mayne has adopted in this book is most perplexing. In the standard system promulgated by the Liverpool School of Russian Studies *ch* represents the sound *tch*, but Miss Mayne uses it to represent *zh*, *kh*, *h*, and *sh*; and finally, in the name "Tchuchev" (p. 228), she throws in an extra *ch* quite gratuitously, as though she had not given us enough of them before. This is unfair to readers, who at the best often find Russian names sufficiently perplexing.

Though 'Crime and Punishment' has been translated before, Mr. Heinemann is rendering a very real service by publishing a good version of it at a reasonable price, and in a volume which forms part of an excellent series, but can be obtained separately. When the edition was first planned, the publisher can hardly have foreseen the importance, political as well as literary, that now attaches to all books that enable us better to appreciate our Allies.

During the last three-quarters of a century Russia's culture, as manifested in the sphere of novels and short stories, has far surpassed that of Germany, and has not been outdone—if, indeed, it has been equalled—by that of any other country.

'Crime and Punishment' is perhaps the most noticeable work of Dostoevsky, who

holds an undisputed position as one of the three greatest Russian novelists, and in his own special line of psychological analysis is supreme. His work is all the more astonishing when one remembers the details that we have already mentioned briefly, his years of exile in Siberia cut off from books and paper, his poverty, his wretched health, and his sufferings from epileptic fits. No wonder his books are unequal, rising sometimes to sublime heights, and sinking sometimes almost to incoherence.

Tolstoy once remarked that Turgenev was a trustworthy horse, sure to bring you to your journey's end; but that Dostoevsky, though a fine and spirited steed, was restive, and apt to land you in the ditch. By virtue of this trustworthy quality rather than any artistic superiority, Turgenev's work was destined in Tolstoy's view to outlive that of his more erratic rival.

Soon after Dostoevsky's death in 1881, when the admiration and affection for him in Russia had reached an almost religious fervour, Tolstoy blamed "the elevation into a prophet and saint of a man who died in the midst of a most ardent inward struggle between good and evil," and added: "He is touching and interesting, but one cannot set on a pedestal for the edification of posterity a man who was all struggle." Something similar might well be said of Tolstoy himself, and, despite their wide difference in character, temperament, and circumstances, there is much that is alike and that is peculiarly Russian in both writers.

'Crime and Punishment,' written in 1866, belongs to Dostoevsky's middle period. Nietzsche acknowledged how much he owed to Dostoevsky, and it was probably to 'Crime and Punishment' most of all that the German philosopher was indebted. The conclusions at which Nietzsche and Dostoevsky arrived were, however, diametrically opposite, for, whereas the German scornfully rejected Christianity and all its ways, no novelist is more profoundly Christian than Dostoevsky, and no writer was ever more profoundly swayed by compassion for the humble and oppressed.

'Crime and Punishment' is less open to the reproach of inequality than most of Dostoevsky's works. The subject, that of an educated and sensitive man committing murder after persuading himself that the deed would redound to the greatest good of the greatest number, suited his style admirably. The portrayal of character is wonderful, and the interest of the book is almost too poignantly intense. Had Dostoevsky never written anything else, his place among the greatest masters of fiction would be secure.

The Russian censor is mainly concerned with political opinions, and rarely troubles himself about what is in England specifically called "morality." There are, however, exceptions to this rule, and the publication of Tolstoy's 'Kreutzer Sonata' was forbidden until, at the request of the Countess Tolstoy, the Emperor himself

allowed its publication. More recently the sale of Artsibashev's novel 'Sanin,' after it had gained immense notoriety, was stopped on account of the harm it was alleged to be doing to morality; and the appearance of the book in English, translated by Mr. Percy Pinkerton with a Preface by Mr. Gilbert Cannan, is an indication that publishers and the public in this country are now ready to tolerate much that a few years ago would have been considered impossible.

Both the 'Kreutzer Sonata' and 'Sanin' deal very frankly with questions of sex, and, to a certain extent, Artsibashev's book is a reply to Tolstoy's views. Both writers dwell on the pain occasioned by sex, and score when they point out how great, and how often unnecessary, is the suffering humanity endures on this account; but they differ as to the remedy. Tolstoy sees it in the elimination of desire; Artsibashev in such an alteration of public opinion as would give free play to the natural instincts.

Neither writer's panacea seems to meet all the needs of the case. It is questionable whether Tolstoy's remedy (were it possible to secure its universal adoption) would promote the health, happiness, and efficiency of this generation; while it certainly makes no provision for the next.

Artsibashev's remedy would remove the oppression which has driven many women to despair who might have lived to play a useful part in life; but, in a very complex and difficult matter which calls for a clear vision of the duty of society to the individual, and of the individual to society, he leaves us to go as we please without any guidance at all.

'Sanin' appeared in 1909, during the aftermath of the revolutionary upheavals which followed the Japanese War, and it reflects the mood of that moment. Three of the characters in the book commit suicide; the hero, Sanin, drinks vodka continually (though, curiously enough, neither his health nor his comeliness appears to suffer); the political discussions and gatherings described are extraordinarily futile and impotent; but above all stands out a fierce demand for the right to live and enjoy oneself unhampered by any opinions or restraints.

The book is not likely to produce the sensation in England that it did in Russia, but, if translated at all, it deserved to be translated properly, and this has not been done. The English version contains many mistakes, and towards the end it becomes increasingly careless. Thirteen lines are omitted from the end of chap. xxxiii.; and on the last page of the book, where, in the original, Sanin, passing through a crowded railway carriage, "saw many people almost leaning against one another," the translation has it that "as he passed through the corridor-carriages he saw crowds of passengers lying prostrate across one another," which is hardly the way travellers usually behave, even on a Russian railway.

The transliteration of names is far from satisfactory. Neither the Russian language nor the standard (Liverpool

University) scheme of transliteration contains the letter *j*; yet in this book we get such arrangements of letters as *aije* to perplex the reader. As the new scheme of transliteration was only recently promulgated—and, though already approved by many competent authorities, cannot yet claim to have been universally adopted—the spelling "Artzibashev" for Artsibashev may be allowed to pass without protest; but the *e* added to the name of the book and its hero is objectionable; as also is the spelling of Tolstoy with an *i*, in despite both of that author's autograph and of the scheme just mentioned, which is now being more and more generally adopted.

The new selection of short stories from Chekhov made by Miss Marian Fell has a great deal to recommend it. In the first two volumes to be translated the more melancholy of his tales were over-represented, in our opinion, and English readers had no more than a passing glimpse of the lighter work of a writer with great gifts of humour. In 'Stories of Russian Life' all Chekhov's moods are illustrated, and every one of the twenty-four tales is thoroughly characteristic of its author. The humour is distinctly of that Russian brand which delights in describing a victim desperately struggling to emerge from a trap. Perhaps the best example supplied by this volume is 'The Death of an Official.' This relates the efforts of one official to apologize to a superior for an unintentional slight. His endeavours are thwarted by the imperturbability of the other, and he dies of what William James might have called "balked disposition." 'The Man in a Case' is another sketch of the same type. Its subject is in a sufficiently ludicrous cobweb of his own making; he endeavours to extricate himself in order to get married, but fails utterly.

On the other hand, the book contains a few good specimens of the more philosophic type of Chekhov story. 'The Head Gardener's Tale' is, in its kindly and introspective character, the most unmistakably Russian thing in the volume. There are also a few excellent little studies of children, drawn with sympathy and humour, and without mawkishness. We wish that the translator had supplied explanatory foot-notes, as many readers will be puzzled by the references to "Shedrin" (*sic*), the "Starover" sect, and even by the ubiquitous "vint."

'The Black Monk,' &c., was originally published in England in 1903, and is now issued in a cheaper edition. We have complained of the lack of uniformity in the transliteration of Russian names: here we find the same author's name spelt differently on the title-pages of two books published almost simultaneously by one firm. Nor is it usual to find the same story included in two volumes issued under these conditions.

Through the Brazilian Wilderness. By Theodore Roosevelt. (John Murray, 18s. net.)

THIS interesting and lavishly illustrated book is an account of travel in the interior of Brazil, projected originally under the auspices of the American Museum of Natural History, New York, in order to obtain specimens of birds and mammals, but soon, at the instance of the Brazilian Government, the scheme was enlarged to cover geographical research. Col. Rondon, of the Brazilian Army, an experienced explorer, with a suitable staff, was directed to meet the U.S. team, the combined party being officially known as Expedição Científica Roosevelt-Rondon. The journey was to include the Matto Grosso, or country above the headwaters of the Paraguay, and thence to follow one of the many feeders of the Amazon. Now the Plate River, Parana, or Paraguay, as it is called in different parts, runs from north to south, and falls into the sea at Buenos Ayres. The Amazon, rising on the west side of the South American continent, flows to the east, but is largely fed by great rivers from the Matto Grosso which flow from south to north. Of these the Rio Madeira is the most important, and the object of the present exploration was one of its tributaries called Rio da Dúvida (river of doubt). Very little of its course was known; in fact, no one could say whither it flowed, and that problem appealed strongly to Mr. Roosevelt's instincts. Accordingly he gladly accepted the leadership of the expedition, believing that valuable scientific information would be acquired,

"and that a substantial addition could be made to the geographical knowledge of one of the least-known parts of South America."

Though the details of the journey are to some extent known in America, and to a less degree in this country, where Mr. Roosevelt addressed a crowded meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on June 16th last, his story, well and vigorously told, is new, and will be welcome to many readers.

He travelled up the Paraguay, whither some of his party had preceded him, and met Col. Rondon and his companions on the Brazilian boundary. They went north to the headwaters, crossed the divide, and, following a stream, reached the River of Doubt, down which they started on February 27th, 1914,

"into the unknown. We were quite uncertain whether after a week we should find ourselves in the Gy-Paraná, or after six weeks in the Madeira, or after three months we knew not where. That was why the river was rightly christened the Dúvida."

After many perils by land and by water, not the least danger being that from insects of infinite number and unappeasable ferocity, the party emerged, starved and battered, but in good heart, at Manaos on the Amazon on April 30th. The author thus sums up results:—

"Zoologically the trip had been a thorough success. Cherrie and Miller

[experts attached] had collected over twenty-five hundred birds, about five hundred mammals, and a few reptiles, batrachians, and fishes. Many of them were new to science; for much of the region traversed had never previously been worked by any scientific collector.

"Of course, the most important work we did was the geographic work, the exploration of the unknown river, undertaken at the suggestion of the Brazilian Government, and in conjunction with its representatives."

After modestly explaining that their work was based on former journeys and maps prepared by Col. Rondon and his assistants, Mr. Roosevelt says:—

"We put upon the map a river some fifteen hundred kilometres in length, of which the upper course was not merely utterly unknown to, but unguessed at by, anybody; while the lower course, although known for years to a few rubber-men, was utterly unknown to cartographers. It is the chief affluent of the Madeira, which is itself the chief affluent of the Amazon."

This River of Doubt will, by order of the Brazilian Government, be henceforward known as the Rio Roosevelt.

Incidentally, the geographical record is lightened by many tales and remarks; thus a curious fight between a poisonous and a non-poisonous snake is described, in which the latter, though smaller, was the aggressor and winner. Elsewhere we have a glimpse of the indefatigable activity of the Germans, who are establishing themselves in Brazil and neighbouring States. At the barracks in Concepcion there was a German lieutenant, one of several officers, assisting in the introduction of universal military service, whilst "the intendente, or mayor, a German long settled in the country, and one of the leading men of the city," did the honours of the City Hall. The piranha, or man-eating fish, is described as most formidable, though small, and apt to get maddened when it recognizes a trace of blood; to judge from its photographs, it resembles a John Dory:—

"They will snip a finger off a hand incautiously trailed in the water; they mutilate swimmers—in every river town in Paraguay there are men who have been thus mutilated; they will rend and devour alive any wounded man or beast; for blood in the water excites them to madness. They will tear wounded wild fowl to pieces, and bite off the tails of big fish as they grow exhausted when fighting after being hooked."

There were dangers, too, from bats, jaguars, crocodiles, and so forth; but they were held as nothing compared with those from insects. Of the former it is said:—

"In reality the danger from these sources is trivial, much less than the danger of being run down by an automobile at home. But at times the torment of insect plagues can hardly be exaggerated. There are many different species of mosquitoes, some of them bearers of disease."

The volume is attractively turned out, the type is clear and good, and there is an Index; the maps, however, might be improved, especially that by Lieut. Lyra, which records few names, and some of them in such small letters as to be difficult to read.

The Nomads of the Balkans. By A. J. B. Wace and M. S. Thompson. (Methuen & Co., 15s. net.)

THE Balkan Question is still with us; and the more it is studied, the more likely does it seem to remain with us, a vexation to statesmen and diplomatists, and a source of bewilderment to the ordinary man, for generations to come. Optimists hoped that with the elimination of the Turkish factor the problem would be solved, but to-day hard facts show that it is as far from solution as ever. Yet never, perhaps, was the necessity of finding a solution more generally recognized. The authors of this book, therefore, deserve our thanks for helping us towards an understanding of the root-cause of the trouble—the extraordinary mingling of races that has gone on, and is still going on, in the Balkan Peninsula. Incidentally, the book strengthens the belief held by many people who know the region that no race in it has remained pure.

Of these races, as the authors remark on their first page, "the Vlachs are in many ways one of the least known." Under the Turkish régime they were commonly regarded as Greeks, because the majority of them belong to the Orthodox Church. That they are now recognized as Roumanians is due to an active propagandism engineered from Bucharest. Roumania has lately secured for them a measure of freedom in regard to schools and churches, of which they were formerly deprived by terrorism exercised by those "bands" for which the Balkans have been long notorious. It would have been instructive if the authors had gone thoroughly into this question, and given the views of the Vlachs upon it, as they are clearly qualified to do; for at present we have to rely upon *ex parte* statements of an unblushing kind. They have, however, chosen to avoid contentious questions for the greater part, and have hardly touched upon the struggle between religions and creeds. In this abstention, although some may think that they have missed an opportunity, others will consider that they show their wisdom.

They have at least produced a valuable study of a most interesting people, based upon observation extending over some years; and though they modestly disclaim any pretension that their work is to be regarded as "a complete account of all the Vlach settlements," it is a singularly well-informed and instructive book.

Opinions are divided as to the origin of the name Vlach, as they are regarding the origin of the people themselves. Concerning the name we read:—

"The Vlachs call themselves 'Romans,' or in their own dialect Arumani, which is really the same word, just as the Greeks still commonly call themselves 'Romei' and their language 'Romeika.' By the Bulgarians, Serbs, and Albanians the Vlachs are known as Tsintsars, which is a nickname derived from the hissing sounds in Vlach suggestive of mosquitoes. Thus the Roumanian *cinci* (five) is in Vlach *tsintsi*."

Sir Charles Elliot, we believe, maintained that the name was derived from the Polish word for Italian, and was applied to the Vlachs because of their Latin speech. The authors evidently consider this too far-fetched to notice, but they give the rival theories as to the derivation of *Kutsorvlachs* (from the Turkish *kuchuk* or the Greek *κουτός*), with some interesting examples of the local application of the *κουτός*.

As to the origin of the Vlachs, the authors think it probable that they are

"in the main the descendants of the Romanized hill tribes, rather than of actual Roman colonists, who would long since have been absorbed by the other town-dwelling races";

and they give sound reasons for their belief that it is unnecessary to look outside the Balkans for the ancestors of the Vlachs. Regarding the relationship between the Balkan Vlachs and the modern Roumanians, they think that the truth lies between the two theories generally advanced:—

"When the Romans left Dacia it was most improbable that all the Roman settlers and Romanized tribes withdrew also, and on the other hand it is most probable that the factors that Romanized Dacia were also operative in the Balkans. Thus both the Vlachs in the Balkans and the Roumanians in Roumania are in the main indigenous, though at different periods the centre of the race has shifted. To-day it is north of the Danube, in the Middle Ages it was to the south, and earlier still it may have been nearer its present position. We may therefore conclude that the Balkan Vlachs are for the most part the Romanized tribes of the Balkan peninsula, reinforced perhaps at times by tribes from over the Danube."

To-day the Vlachs are disappearing, owing to the ease with which they allow themselves to be absorbed by the larger nations that surround them, and, though their villages are to be found scattered all over the Balkans, they number little over 600,000. They are simple and kindly, by no means deserving the character of freebooters and robbers that was given to them by Benjamin of Tudela, and has been carefully kept alive by the Greeks. Their manners and customs, which are fully treated here, are quaint and interesting; their costumes, though cumbrous according to European ideas, are undeniably picturesque; and their outlook on life appears to be at least as rational and broad as that of any other people in the Balkans. Specimens of their songs and folk-tales, which are given in appendixes, will appeal to many readers, while philologists will find the chapter on their language full of interest.

The authors are to be congratulated on having provided a serviceable Index and useful maps. The arrangement of the illustrations might have been improved, but their quality is remarkably good, and they are well chosen.

POLITICAL THOUGHT.

THE little manual of 'Political Thought in England' written by Mr. Gooch is excellent, well informed and well arranged. As befits a volume of the "Home University Library," it is, besides, eminently readable. Mr. Gooch might have produced that dreary thing, a compendium; he has given students instead a set of luminous essays, written exactly to suit their learning. In the process of selection much had to vanish, and Mr. Gooch has mainly confined himself to "political thought" as expressed in the ponderous tome and the active pamphlet, relegating Parliamentary speeches to a subordinate position. Thus we hear more of the Eliot who was the author of 'The Monarchy of Man' than of the Eliot who attacked Buckingham; and the policies of Pym, Cromwell, and the wayward Shaftesbury are only treated incidentally.

Mr. Gooch has acted wisely in thus discriminating. Gardiner, Prof. Firth and other historians will tell students all they want to know about the reigns of James I. and Charles I. and the Commonwealth, even if the Restoration still awaits its decisive elucidator. But Mr. Gooch's object was presumably to educate the elect of them up to a study at first hand of 'The Leviathan' and Petty's 'Treatise on Taxes,' and we can imagine no more fitting introduction to those formidable tasks than this manual of 250 pages.

Mr. Gooch writes as a moderate Liberal, with liberty and toleration for his ideals, and with but a slight leaning towards authority. The writer, however, who could approach the seedtime of all modern political thought with absolute impartiality does not exist, and, if he did exist, his chapters would be so clogged with checks and balances that even the intelligent student could never find his way out of them. Given his predispositions, Mr. Gooch deserves all credit for the fairness with which he has summarized the 'Basilikan Doron,' and other expositions of the divine right of kings. He ought not to have dismissed the 'Eikon Basilike' in a few lines, because, shallow though the book is, it exercised an enormous influence. But Filmer, whom Macaulay disposed of as a mere utterer of sophistries, receives full justice at his hands. Mr. Gooch points out that the patriarchal theory advanced by Filmer rested on a sounder historical basis than that of the social contract sustained by his rivals, though his superstructure was, no doubt, of a flimsy kind.

In the same broad spirit Mr. Gooch deals faithfully with the champions of civic liberties. He makes no attempt to disguise the fact that deep in the minds of nearly all of them there lurked a contempt for the multitude, "an inconstant, irra-

tional, and hapless herd," as Milton wrote, "begotten to servility." Milton, indeed, in his final development, is surrendered with a sigh. He had nothing better to suggest than the perpetuity of the Grand Council, or oligarchy in its narrowest form. "No one [Mr. Gooch writes] has ever loved liberty with a nobler and more unselfish passion; but few political teachers have so little understood how it was to be obtained and defended." Flashes of phrase such as this guide the student along his pleasant path. The conservatism of the Presbyterian leaders is brought out in an acute analysis of Prynne's treatises. As Mr. Gooch maintains, Prynne never travelled an inch beyond the ideal of limited monarchy, and before the Restoration a Royalist agent wrote of him, "He asserts the King's right so boldly that he may be called the Cato of his age."

We are not surprised to find Mr. Gooch a little cold to Hooker, and rather ecstatic over Jeremy Taylor, whose system of religious comprehension was, after all, indefinite. On the worldly topic of trade he discourses with much insight, and the strength and weakness of the mercantile doctrine are duly expounded. Mr. Gooch, too, is fully appreciative of the three well-known precursors of Adam Smith, Dudley North, Davenant, and Petty; and emphasizes the merits of that obscure writer Nicholas Barbon, whose pamphlets have only recently been traced to their proper authorship. His concluding phrase is cheerful: "The century which opened with the bullionists and closed with North and Petty cannot be convicted of stagnation."

Mr. Geoffrey Butler, the bearer of a name distinguished in scholarship, has been well advised in republishing, for English readers, his lectures delivered before the University of Pennsylvania on 'The Tory Tradition.'

The constructive side of Toryism has been unduly ignored in this country, thanks to an able band of historians who were permeated by Liberal sentiments. Mr. Butler by his careful examination of the doctrines of Bolingbroke, Burke in his anti-Revolutionary days, Disraeli, and Lord Salisbury goes far towards redressing the balance. He might have devoted more space to Bolingbroke, since the ideal of the abolition of party has its sympathizers, particularly of late years. But his other sections are well done, Lord Salisbury as a Foreign Minister finding in Mr. Butler an especially judicious eulogist. We hardly like, however, his application of the word "utilitarian" with a small *u* to Radical political thought. "Utilitarian" with a capital *U* means the school of Bentham, which, though it advocated, no doubt, the greatest happiness of the greatest number, did so by methods widely different from those favoured by many upholders of governmental intervention. Some such word as "philanthropic" would come nearer to Mr. Butler's meaning.

Zeus: a Study in Ancient Religion.—Vol. I. *Zeus, God of the Bright Sky.* By Arthur Bernard Cook. (Cambridge University Press, 2l. 5s. net.)

THIS is, indeed, a μέγα βιβλίον. Yet it is only the first volume (of 800 quarto pages!) of a monograph on Zeus in which the author has apparently poured the contents of his notebooks after years of multifarious study, whenever these notes could be stretched by any interpretation to refer to the worship of any form of Zeus. Here and there these excursions are very interesting, as when he gives us the newest account, excellently illustrated, of the principal temples at Baalbec. All through the book the pictures are lavish, and many of them very good, though only problematically connected with the main subject. The volume might well be separated into articles on the various titles of Zeus for a classical encyclopædia. There are myriad notes and references to all manner of literature, which show that the author has read with enormous diligence and kept a careful account of his reading. It is only after this clear acknowledgment of the merits of the book that we venture to criticize its method.

Mr. Cook's Preface indicates the school to which he belongs. Its leader is the author of 'The Golden Bough,' a work frequently quoted as a final authority. Probably those who have read through 'The Golden Bough' in any of its forms may show another feat of *dolichodromy* in coming out victorious at the end of the present book. But what we wonder at is the claim made in the Preface that

"a new spirit has little by little taken possession of archæological research. Under the universal sway of modern science, accuracy of observation and strictness of method are expected not only of the philological scholar, but of any and every investigator in the classical field."

In the first place, we do not believe that modern science, so far as it tends to divorce itself from mathematical studies, is at all a model of strict method. The men who pursue "original research" into nature are frequently the victims of bad logic. Science once implied mathematical training: it has assumed various short cuts since, which often ignore the necessity of accurate thinking. There is no pursuit which shows this defect more than the modern researches into the mythology of early or of primitive races. Fifty years ago Max Müller was the coryphæus of a fashionable school of that sort. Who reads his books now? The parallel is not promising for the present folk-lorist mythologists. For Max Müller had literary skill; his books were eminently readable, and therefore attracted many readers. The *jarrago et congeries* of the modern books on the subject has but little charm. We are constantly treated to the following formula: "Probably we shall not be far wrong if we attempt to rewrite the story thus"; and then we are referred to three passages in 'The Golden Bough' as authoritative. Now we do not object to any author making "an attempt which is probably

Political Thought in England from Bacon to Halifax. By G. P. Gooch. "Home University Library." (Williams & Norgate, 1s. net.)

The Tory Tradition: Bolingbroke, Burke, Disraeli, Salisbury. By Geoffrey G. Butler. (John Murray, 3s. 6d. net.)

not far wrong" in explaining some complicated and varying myths, but to call this a scientific method is a mistake. The worst of it is that such loose thinking, easily detected by any careful reader, infects many a learned writer, who mistakes quantity of evidence for quality; and that a mere crowd of citations can by their number compel us to believe the man who has taken the pains to collect them.

Most charitably Mr. Cook has given us a summary of the conclusions at the end of the volume. They fill but half-a-dozen pages, and are disappointing as the outcome of such enormous research. They seem like the summary of 200 pages instead of 776, and at the very outset we find this sentence:—

"When Hellenistic artists portray Zeus with a blue nimbus round his head, a blue globe, a blue mantle, what are these attributes, taken together, but an indication that the god so portrayed was once the blue sky, and the blue sky only?"

We are staggered at the assertion that the blue-draped god of the third century is a direct survival of a pre-Homeric belief some 1,000 years older, and we turn to the early chapter on the subject—the transition of Zeus from the sky to the sky-god. Here is a passage which reminds us strongly of Max Müller's account of the terror of savages when they saw the sun set, and joy when he rose again. We are told that primitive men began by enjoying the blue heavens as the source of happiness, and worshipped the sky before they thought of the sun as a person, or the sky as the home of a powerful being producing storms and calm. Certainly savages like the Solomon Islanders, still in their Stone Age, conceive their gods as invisible powers, not as abstractions, but as persons. The arguments adduced to the contrary by Mr. Cook are only probabilities or possibilities, and are, indeed, by him stated as such repeatedly, yet presently assumed to be proved conclusions. We enter our protest, not for the first time, against this loose way of thinking, which tends to all sorts of varying results.

The most difficult of all inquiries is to get at the real notions of savages about what we call their religion. Missionaries are probably the least fit of all for such research, for they are bent on introducing a new order of ideas into minds perhaps wholly incapable of comprehending them. Passing travellers, however learned and intelligent, are seldom allowed to witness religious or magical rites, which are almost always clothed in mystery, and hidden from all strangers. The observations of Hellenistic or Roman speculators are worthless. It is only a man who has lived among a primitive people for years, and as an observer without prejudice, who can hope to learn anything trustworthy about their religion. As to the beliefs of primitive people thousands of years ago, then, how much can be regarded as certain?

We are careful to repeat that the many details piled up in the volume are often amusing as well as interesting, and that the illustrations are admirably produced.

Memories of Forty Years. By Princess Catherine Radziwill. (Cassell & Co., 16s. net.)

THIS book contains reminiscences of London society in 1893, of the Berlin Court between 1873 and 1886, and of the Petrograd Court under Alexander III. It is rather disappointing to find that the Russian chapters are little more than eulogy of a crowd of titled personages, contrasting oddly with the descriptions of an early Court by Tolstoy, whom the author does not like. Still, it is piquant to find in her a warm admirer of Pobedonostseff, and of Tcherevine, head of the Okhrana or secret police. She speaks highly of Alexander III. and of his policy, with which Western Europe did not sympathize, and declares, perhaps rightly, that he took the only safe course at a critical time in Russian history. She pays a high tribute to the Count de Montebello, the French ambassador, who overcame German influence at the Court, and laid the foundation of the Dual Alliance by his diplomacy and social tact and popularity. She has little to say of unofficial Russia, but her rose-coloured picture of high society is, at any rate, novel and agreeable.

Of London as she saw it twenty-one years ago she speaks more frankly, but with equal enthusiasm. She flatters our national pride, but tells us that our wealthy people have no home life. She includes a caustic estimate of Gladstone, whom she thought vain, and tells with evident glee two new anecdotes against his wife. She conceived a great admiration for Mr. Asquith and for his First Lord, then a youth, and records that Grant Duff said of Mr. Churchill: "Winston is a curious mixture of American impudence and English caution, and I feel sure that later on his wildest acts in life will be very wisely premeditated." She attributes a piece of rather cruel wit to Queen Victoria, who, when asked whether the old Duchess of Cleveland had really once been pretty, replied, "Yes, my dear; but it only lasted one moment."

The Princess is most candid in her German recollections. She tells us not once, but twice, that her son-in-law, Prince Blücher, is as thrifty as he is rich, with anecdotes to point the moral. It is not surprising, therefore, to find the Berlin Court under William I. described with more than a spice of malice. She tries hard to show that the old Emperor had a mind of his own, apart from his Chancellor; but she represents him in a very unamiable light, and is still more severe on his consort, a disappointed woman, always posing, and bitterly uncharitable to her daughter-in-law. In noticing that the Empress Augusta disapproved of Bismarck's anti-Catholic policy, and urged the Emperor to change it, the Princess forgets to add that, in this case at least, the Empress was right, and that the detested Bismarck had, as he said, "to go to Canossa." But the Iron Chancellor was kind to the author, though he hated all the other Radziwills, his political opponents. The Princess sketches anew the painful story of the

feuds that raged round the Crown Prince and his English wife, and that caused him to be alienated both from his father and from his son, as well as influential sections of German opinion. If Frederick III. had had his way, there might have been no war now between the countries. But his father lived too long.

It is curious to be reminded that, forty years ago, "the Belgian and Prussian royal families had always been upon intimate terms," and that the Belgian minister was a special favourite with Bismarck. The author supplies glimpses of the German statesmen and politicians, including Prince von Bülow, whose career does not seem, after all, to have been so definitely closed as the Princess thought. We are told that Menzel, "a small eccentric man," "used to go about with a busy air among the guests at all the balls given in the Imperial palace, with notebook and pencil in hand," sketching any one who pleased him. Ranke, who "was entirely devoid of any prejudice or sympathy," and Helmholtz, who was a man of the world outside his laboratory, are among the unofficial people mentioned in the Berlin chapters, which are the best in a rather superficial book.

In a Cumberland Dale. By Percy Withers. (Grant Richards, 5s. net.)

MR. WITHERS in this engaging volume describes his life in Lakeland when, for a short space of time, he played the backwoodsman in a secluded Cumberland dale. He played the game well—in the proper spirit of boyish adventure which the country inspires after familiarity with towns. He indulged to the full in the delights of stolen bathes in tarns and beckes, and of walks in mist and rain as well as fair weather upon the fells, and learnt the changing beauty of the woods throughout the year. The spot which our literary smallholder chose for his settlement was well selected: the far shores of Derwentwater are sufficiently remote for the settler to imitate Wordsworth's Hermit, and claim a share in his simple rite,

Here I sit and watch;

sufficiently near to civilization, on the other hand, to admit of his shopping in Keswick, and rowing his visitors and stores back from the station across the wild and stormy waters of the lake to the landing-stage which he had proudly built with his own hands. His descriptions of his emotions and experiences among the woods and lakes and mountains should stir a sympathetic thrill in the reader. They are for the most part admirably phrased. As one reads one cannot refrain from a sigh of thankfulness that much of that lovely shore has been acquired by the Public Trust, lest a crop of bungalows should be the outcome of this book.

One feels also, as one reads, that the writer is all a little self-conscious and superior in Thoreau's way—bungalow builders perhaps are; and one is too insistently aware of the literary town-dweller's perpetual astonishment at his

own contentment in the simple life of the country, which is, besides, so much less simple than it sounds. But the book is saved from being mere wordiness and "blather," as one of Watts-Dunton's Snowdon gipsies would have termed it, by the introduction of one or two country types, and notably of the old woodman Peter Dalethwaite, a character of rare beauty, simplicity, and truth—a type not common, but comprehensible, and drawn by the author with great skill and charm.

It is a sure test of genuine appreciation that Mr. Withers shares with Dalethwaite a preference for autumn and the days of wind and cloud and rain. "In a day o' mizzle, when yer hevn't a blenk o' blue sky, yer canna look wrang." Not for them the glaring, impoverished days of high summer prayed for by the hotel-bound tourist, but the "back-end" with the rain and the mist, when,

"from small beginnings rehearsed in a thousand places of dale and hill secretly, the forces muster in the open—you see them swarming over the mountains into the valleys, and clambering back again to the mountains. If the forces of the sky join them, it is well—those are gala days. But this Earth Pageant is abroad, and you may watch its evolutions, its massings, its deploys, its tattoos of colour, from daybreak to nightfall; and at every hour content yourself that there was never an hour just like this one. So it goes far into the winter, and then there is a withdrawal and a waning; but there are still 'goings-on,' for there are still the mountains, and mists among them, and morning and evening light upon their faces. And one day Spring comes."

Essays on Books. By William Lyon Phelps. (Macmillan & Co., 6s. 6d. net.)

MOST of the really vital criticism on art comes from the creative artists, and not from the academic critics, and Prof. Phelps, who belongs to the latter body, does not form an exception to the rule. He is an unusually pleasant and readable academical, but what he has to say always gives one rather the impression of something intelligently appropriated by Culture—with the capital C—than of something vividly and directly perceived. One need only compare these essays of his with, let us say, Mr. Henry James's recently published 'Notes on Novelists' to be conscious of the difference. We do not discover in the volume a single passage of that illuminating quality which is apparent in almost every page of the critic who is also a craftsman and a creator. Indeed, one need not go outside Prof. Phelps's own book to illustrate the point. One of his essays deals with Marlowe, and deals with him capably and judiciously: we read the account of the poet's career and the estimate of his plays with a sense that it is all much as it should be, and then at the very end we come upon a little passage quoted from Miss M. P. Willcocks, in which a really suggestive generalization regarding the Elizabethans finds expression; and the effect of it is to make everything that has preceded seem a trifle superficial.

We do not, however, say this in disparagement of Prof. Phelps's work, but only because it is important that the distinction between the two orders of criticism should be made clear. There is justification enough for examples of the second order, if they are good of their kind, as the present volume is. The essays of which it consists—the majority of them are reprinted from American periodicals—cover a tolerably wide range, and are, for the most part, marked by competent scholarship, good sense, and a pleasant warmth of admiration. Much the most considerable of them, so far as length (and, we think, merit also) is concerned, is devoted to the author of 'Clarissa Harlowe.' The subject here is excellently suited to Prof. Phelps's method: the sketch of Richardson's life is neatly put together, and agreeably enlivened with anecdotes and quotations; and the discussion of his novels, for which the Professor evidently has a genuine affection, is both just and generous, and may quite possibly tempt some few readers, in an age which is apparently no longer daunted by many-volumed works of fiction, to make a first-hand acquaintance with those early examples of the art. Prof. Phelps rightly emphasizes Richardson's two pre-eminent merits as a novelist: his excellent psychology—as manifested, at any rate, in certain of his characters—and his sincere and admirable realism. He might have added, we think, that Richardson can, on occasion, show a pretty turn for dialogue.

The other papers are slighter, and, indeed, one or two of them are more in the nature of notes than anything else. There is, however, a pretty lengthy essay on Jane Austen, which, though it does not contain anything particularly fresh, advocates her claims as a novelist with considerable effect. "She is one of the supreme literary artists of the world, like the Russian Turgenev," says Prof. Phelps, and he is unquestionably right: she is surely the most artistic of all the woman writers; but she is also in a sense, we cannot help thinking, one of the least womanly—perhaps the one thing goes some way towards explaining the other. The reviewer is a little inclined to question the statement that "with every fresh reading comes the old pleasure, heightened in intensity; to read her novels is simply to live, to live in a world of steadily increasing interest and charm." At any rate, the experience of some is rather that, while they admire her more every time they read her, they like her not quite so well; her clarity of vision is unsurpassable, but it would almost seem to presuppose a lack of other and more precious qualities, and one is now and then conscious of missing in her that depth of humanity that one finds, say, in Mrs. Browning. However, the point of view represented by Prof. Phelps is, no doubt, the one that commends itself to the majority of literary critics.

Dickens, Carlyle, Whittier, and Herrick are the subjects of briefer articles; and four final essays are devoted to German authors.

Dante Alighieri: La Divina Commedia. Edited and annotated by C. H. Grandgent. (Heath & Co., 7s. 6d. net.)

THE editor of this work, who is Professor of Romance Languages in Harvard University, informs us in the Preface that it is the first annotated edition of the Italian text published in America. He adds that it is "primarily intended for the general public, though adapted also to academic use." His text is based on the latest edition of Dr. Moore's Oxford Dante, but he has "not neglected the recent investigations of other scholars." As the former has practically become the standard edition for English-speaking readers, it would have been convenient to students if he had furnished a table of the more important of his deviations from it. The notes are partly historical and exegetic, partly intended as a help to those whose Italian is scanty; but they have been wisely confined within narrow limits in order not to distract attention from the text, which is printed in clear type and with an ample margin.

The chief features of the book are a valuable Introduction to the whole poem, a preliminary note of five or six pages to each *Cantica*, and an "Argument" of varying length to every canto. These Arguments usually include much more than an analysis of the contents. Their principal aim is to unfold the moral and allegorical significance of the poem in full detail; but they also contain short notices of the chief personages mentioned. They thus help to relieve the notes at the foot of the pages, and they are frequently followed by bibliographical references, which should be most useful to advanced students. Sometimes, however, as in the case of the "Mystical Procession" in the 'Purgatorio' (xxix.), a bibliographical note is wanting.

But the strength of the book lies in the attention paid in these Arguments to the allegorical interpretation of the poem. This is a subject on which commentators have differed widely; and it is impossible for Prof. Grandgent to discuss their views at length. His interpretation for the most part follows familiar lines; but he shows a tendency to prefer the suggestions of some recent Italian scholars—notably those of Francesco Flamini. For instance, he considers that the "Wolf" in the Introductory canto of the 'Inferno' stands for Incontinence, and not for Avarice; although two subsequent passages (in 'Inferno,' vii., and 'Purgatorio,' xx.) would seem to make the latter interpretation inevitable. He also follows the Italian commentators in identifying the "Matelda" of the Earthly Paradise neither with the Countess of Tuscany nor with the German nun Matilda of Hackeborn, but with an early friend of Beatrice mentioned in the 'Vita Nuova.' The Arguments in the 'Paradiso' will be specially helpful to those readers who might be repelled by the scholastic disquisitions of that *Cantica*.

The only serious blot upon this useful guide is the absence of an index.

FICTION.

A Drop in Infinity. By Gerald Grogan. (John Lane, 6s.)

'A DROP IN INFINITY' is something quite out of the usual run of fantastic stories. A genius with more than a touch of insanity finds a way into the Fourth Dimension, where lies a world planned much like our own, but without human inhabitants. He proceeds to colonize this world, sending down a few suitable emigrants at infrequent intervals. The story of "Marjorie-land," as written by its pleasantly humorous patriarch, is full of ingenious devices admirably in keeping with the general madness of a Fourth Dimensional world. The incident of the arrival of Lieut. Peder Ommundsen is described as Mr. H. G. Wells would have described it in one of his earlier romances. This particular colonist, it may be explained, had been stunned by an exploding shell just before his translation, which led to his making some very natural mistakes on recovery. The sociological aspects of "Marjorie-land" are rather amusing: whether by accident or design, all members of the working class were excluded from that country, with the exception of one who had to be evicted. Sociology apart, this is a thoroughly entertaining piece of work by a new author.

Light from Asia. By H. M. Barclay. (Heath, Cranton & Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

THE intentions of the author are too ambitious for her powers. She daringly undertakes the task of "exposing the real teaching of the wisdom of Asia." She begins by lamenting, as one of the blackest days for Christianity, the decision of the Buddhists to give their teaching more openly to the world, and complains of the many souls led away by its fascinations. Strange to say, the greater part of the book is then devoted to a recital of these doctrines, thus, in the guise of a novel, placing them within the reach of many otherwise unlikely to become acquainted with them, as novels penetrate where other books do not. This is the most interesting and best-written portion of the story. The Christian faith is not upheld with an "understanding eye," and narrow limitations are placed round it. It is useless to hope to discover truth by fettering thought and withholding knowledge.

Countrymen All. By Katharine Tynan. (Maunsell & Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

THIS is a collection of short stories dealing with Ireland and the Irish. Despite their charm and excellent local colour, a disappointed impression remains that the author does not "make her point" in them. One feels that her mind is seething with love of the Irish, and that she wishes to make the world share her feelings, but that, like the prophet of old, she needed to have her lips "touched with a live coal" before she "opened her mouth to speak." It may be that the intensity of her emotion mars her expression. For that matter, the author has a hard task: we are accustomed to-day to think of Ireland in terms of Synge, Mr. Yeats, and

those others whose experience and enthusiasm are idealized by their own special inspiration. To their heights she does not attain—she has not their "universal" touch (in prose, at any rate); but her book is a notable addition to the literature on Ireland by reason of the sympathetic and careful study it presents of Irish character.

Arundel. By E. F. Benson. (Fisher Unwin, 6s.)

At a time when the public may reasonably be expected to require more than ordinary inducement to turn from the narration of fact to fiction, those novelists on whom we generally rely do not appear to be putting forth their best efforts.

Mr. Benson here gives us a tale of a marriage of convenience, disturbed by the late arrival of a lady who agitates the stagnant pool of a prosperous City man's mind. The author faithfully reproduces the smug atmosphere of a district reached "in twenty minutes in a well-padded railway carriage." We know the sort of residents too well to be interested in his characters. If Mr. Benson had laid any of them suddenly under the necessity of actually earning their living, his account of the results might, we conceive, have been intensely diverting.

The Orchard Pavilion. By Arthur Christopher Benson. (Smith, Elder & Co., 3s. 6d. net.)

THE dialogue form of presenting an argument has of late years experienced a revival of popularity and achieved some notable successes. It has attracted Mr. Benson, as indeed it always must tempt every author whose temperament enshrines any spark of philosophic fire. 'The Orchard Pavilion' proves (what one might have suspected beforehand) that this form of art is peculiarly well suited to Mr. Benson's powers. The note of sickly and exasperating egotism which, to our taste, often renders his books a doubtful joy is here eliminated, except in the Preface. We are introduced to three typical Oxford Undergraduates of thirty years ago, who, in a setting appropriate to a Platonic Dialogue, discuss with all the vehemence and point of youth the fundamental principles of life. One is a frank Hedonist who likes things which are beautiful, and because they are beautiful, and for no other reason; another an embryo clergyman who believes in God and conscience, "which is God telling me what I ought to do"; and the third an agnostic materialist with a love of work and power, and a desire to impose orderly life on State and individual. They say their say—those who know their Greek philosophers and have read for "Greats" will not expect them to say anything very new—and they live their lives, and meet again, after thirty years, to compare notes. The Hedonist has met with happiness and success, but is conscious of something wanting; the materialistic barrister has learnt, not in the Courts, but through the loss of a beloved wife, "that there is something moving behind it all which

loves, or tries to love"; and the Honorary Canon scores an easy victory for Christianity in the nicest possible way.

There is nothing very profound or original in the thought, or even in the phrasing, of this dialogue, but the re-statement of the old points of view is clear and vigorous. Only we thought it a little hard upon the vanquished to crown the parson's victory by quoting a whole sermon of his from the pulpit. *Parcere subjectis* is a good motto in argument as in war.

Under Which Flag? a Romance of the Bourbon Restoration. By Edith Staniforth. (Washbourne, 3s. 6d.)

IT would not surprise us to learn that this book had become popular, although it cannot be said that it has any conspicuous literary quality. It belongs to the school of Miss Yonge's historical fiction; its marked *pietas*—we can think of no English word quite equivalent—has the same feminine and Mid-Victorian savour; and it has a carelessness about structure and characterization, and a certain pointless rapidity in narration, which we have observed to be actually acceptable to the more naive sort of readers, though no doubt persons of superior literary tastes regard them as blemishes. On the whole, we think the main faults of the book arise from the choice of the subject. Miss Staniforth has evidently taken pains with her history, and she shows some skill in the selection of points to emphasize, and still more in her little descriptions of scenery. But the Hundred Days and the battle of Waterloo provide a heavy task for even the strongest pens, and a singularly difficult background for the delineation of character; while the atmosphere of the Restoration is again not easy to seize or to convey. The faintness of the personages of the tale, the somewhat hackneyed and highly inconsequent situations, and the slight air of weariness which hangs about all tales where well-worn clichés turn up in any abundance, come, we think, principally from the strain involved in attempting something a little alien from one's particular powers. On the other hand, the directness and wholesomeness of the book, and the easy movement of the writing, are attractive. We should expect Miss Staniforth to make quite good domestic fiction.

Little Madame Claude. By Hamilton Drummond. (Stanley Paul & Co., 6s.)

THIS mediæval romance lacks originality in plot and characterization, and the period chosen is so little known that the significance of the events narrated may be lost on the reader. The plot concerns a secret mission undertaken on behalf of a queen, and is carried out by the conventional figures of such a romance, even to the scheming cardinal. The narrative is told in a vigorous style, while the adventures are really exciting and relevant to the action, which is coherent and probable. The characters, if not very original, are well drawn and human.

BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS WEEK.

THEOLOGY.

McKim (Randolph H.), ROMANISM IN THE LIGHT OF HISTORY, 5/ net. Putnam

Contains four essays: 'The Present Outlook for Romanism,' 'Pope Leo XIII.'s Encyclical on the Reunion of Christendom,' 'Fundamental Principles of Protestantism,' and 'Religious Liberty and the Maryland Toleration Act.'

On Personal Service; or, the Vision and the Task, by a Headmaster, 2/6 net. Wells Gardner

A series of addresses especially intended as an appeal to Public School boys, with an Introduction by Mr. Herbert L. Woolcombe, secretary of the Cavendish Association.

Sampson (Rev. Gerard), MISSION HYMNS, 1/ net with Tunes; 1d. Words only. Wells Gardner
Especially designed for use in Teaching Missions.

POETRY.

Binyon (Laurence), THE WINNOWING-FAN: POEMS ON THE GREAT WAR, 1/ net. Elkin Mathews
A collection of short poems on aspects of the war, including 'The Fourth of August' and 'Louvain.'

Mathew (John), BALLADS OF BUSH LIFE AND LYRICS OF CHEER, 2/ net. Melville & Mullen
A collection of verses by an Australian writer.

Meller (Walter Clifford), BALLADS OF THE FORTY-FIVE, 2/ net. Bell
A collection of Jacobite verses.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Dictionary of Dates, brought down to the Present Day, newly compiled by Eric F. Smith, 1/ net. Dent
A revised edition.

Lincoln Wills, VOL. I., A.D. 1271-1526. Lincoln Record Society
Abstracts of wills relating to the diocese and county of Lincoln, edited by Canon C. W. Foster.

Macaulay (Lord), THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND, Vol. V., 10/6 net. Macmillan
The latest issue of the illustrated edition.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVEL.

Browne (Edith A.), BUSINESS AND PLEASURE IN COLOMBIA, 6d. A. Staines Manders
A guide-book to places of interest in the State of Colombia.

WAR PUBLICATIONS.

Chesterton (Cecil), THE PRUSSIAN HATH SAID IN HIS HEART, 2/ net. Chapman & Hall
An examination of the causes of the war.

Doyle (Arthur Conan), THE GERMAN WAR, 1/ net. Hodder & Stoughton
Essays upon different phases of the war, including 'Great Britain and the Next War,' reprinted from *The Fortnightly Review* of February, 1913.

Hamund (St. John), THE RUBAIYAT OF WILLIAM THE WAR LORD, 1/ net. Grant Richards
A parody of Fitzgerald's Omar Khayyam, with decorations by Mr. Scott Calder. See p. 671.

Ingram (Arthur F. Winnington), A DAY OF GOD, 1/ net. Wells Gardner
Five addresses by the Bishop of London on the present war.

James (Henry), THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER MOTOR-AMBULANCE CORPS IN FRANCE, 1d. Macmillan
A letter to the editor of an American journal describing the work of the Corps, and the need for more helpers and funds.

Lloyd's Who's Who in the Great War, 6d. net. Hodder & Stoughton or 'Lloyd's News'
Brief biographical notices of rulers and diplomats, and of the combatants who have distinguished themselves in the war.

Maude (Col. F. N.), WAR AND THE WORLD'S LIFE, 5/ net. Smith & Elder
The price of this volume has been reduced from 12s. 6d. net. It was reviewed in *The Athenæum*, June 22, 1907, p. 758.

Woolf (Bella Sidney), RIGHT AGAINST MIGHT, the Great War of 1914, 1/ net. Cambridge, Heffer
The writer's aim is "to convey some impressions of certain outstanding phases" of the war. Foot-notes are given for children, and there are illustrations.

NAVAL.

Jane (Fred T.), WARSHIPS AT A GLANCE, 2/6 net. Sampson Low
Containing "silhouettes of the world's fighting ships, on a scale of 1 inch to 320 feet."

PHILOLOGY.

Roman Elegiac Poets, edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Karl Pomeroy Harrington. New York, American Book Company
The book contains a selection from the work of Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid.

SOCIOLOGY.

Roberts (H. D.), RELIGION IN SOCIAL AND NATIONAL LIFE, 2/ net. Lindsey Press
A study of practical Christianity applied to the problems of social and national ethics.

POLITICS.

Selected Speeches on British Foreign Policy, 1738-1914, edited by Edgar R. Jones, "The World's Classics," 1/ net. Milford
A selection of Parliamentary speeches, from Chatham to Sir Edward Grey, "dealing with such phases of foreign policy as are of exceptional interest at present."

YEAR-BOOKS AND DIARIES.

Patriot's Diary, 1915, compiled by R. M. Leonard, 1/ net. Milford
This diary contains patriotic extracts for each day, and records of notable events.

Royal Navy List: WHO'S WHO IN THE NAVY, 1915, 7/6 net. Witherby
Includes the Service records of naval officers, the current history of the Royal Navy, and events of the war up to November 30th; and a summary of ships' services and commissions.

Who's Who, 1915, 15/ net. Black
The sixty-seventh issue contains 2376 pages.

MAPS.

Salisbury Plain District, 1/ net. Bartholomew
A revised edition of a touring map, on a scale of half an inch to a mile.

FICTION.

Andreief (Leonidas), THE RED LAUGH, Fragments of a Discovered Manuscript, translated from the Russian by Alexandra Linden, 1/ net. Fisher Unwin
This story presents a gruesome picture of war.

Jackson (Helen Hunt), RAMONA, 7/6 net. Sampson Low
A new edition, with illustrations by Mr. Henry Sandham.

Macbeth, by a Popular Novelist, 6/ net. Greening
A novel founded on Shakespeare's tragedy, with eight illustrations in colour by Miss Averil Burleigh.

Robins (Elizabeth), COME AND FIND ME, 7d. net. Nelson
A cheap reprint.

Scott (Sir Walter), THE ANTIQUARY, edited with Notes and Glossary by F. A. Cavenagh, 2/6 net. Oxford, Clarendon Press
An annotated and illustrated edition.

Seventh Post Card (The), by Flowerdew, 6/ net. Greening
A detective story concerning a society whose object was to punish with death any motorist who, though acquitted in court, had taken human life.

Wynne (May), THE HERO OF URBINO, 6/ net. Stanley Paul
An historical romance of Italy in the time of Cesare Borgia.

JUVENILE.

Keeler (Charles), ELFIN SONGS OF SUNLAND, 8/ net. Putnam
A third and enlarged edition, with pen-and-ink decorations.

Wynne (May), MURRAY FINDS A CHUM, 3/6 net. Stanley Paul
Five-year-old Murray is sent on a visit to his grandfather's house in the country, where he finds a chum in his little cousin Ruth, and they meet with all sorts of adventures.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

Alchemical Society, Journal, NOVEMBER, 2/ net. Lewis
Contains 'Some Notes on the Alchemical Researches of M. Jollivet Castellet,' by Mr. W. de Kerlor, and reviews.

Open Court, DECEMBER, 10 cents. Chicago, Open Court Publishing Co.
Features of this issue are 'Count Zeppelin in Alsace in 1870,' by Mr. Karl Klein, and 'Lessons of the War,' by Mr. Paul Carus.

PAMPHLETS.

Downfall (The) of Modern Christianity, by a Woman, 3d. Canterbury, A. King
The author explains that this pamphlet has been written "merely to suggest a method by which the standard of the Godhead can be raised to a higher level than the present one."

Sousby (L. H. M.), THESE GLORIOUS TIMES: A CHRISTMAS LETTER, 2d. net. Longmans
A Christmas greeting to Brondesbury girls, originally written for private circulation.

SCIENCE.

Glasgow (Maude), LIFE AND LAW, 5/ net. Putnam
A study of the natural history of sex from the lower animal forms to the human race, together with a consideration of the hygiene of sex.

Soddy (Frederick), THE CHEMISTRY OF THE RADIO-ELEMENTS, Part I., 4/ net. Longmans
Second edition, revised and largely rewritten.

Viereck (Henry L.) and Cockerell (T. D. A.), NEW NORTH AMERICAN BEES OF THE GENUS ANDRENA. Washington, Government Printing Office
A paper reprinted from the *Proceedings* of the United States National Museum.

FINE ARTS.

Glory of Belgium (The), Illustrations in colour by W. L. Bruckman, 20/ net. Hodder & Stoughton
The letterpress, giving "a sketch of some of the relics of mediæval Belgium," is by Mr. Roger Ingpen.

Lenygon (Francis), DECORATION IN ENGLAND FROM 1660 TO 1770, 40/ net. Batsford
The writer's aim is "to show the characteristics of Interior Decoration in a series of comparative illustrations." The volume contains 133 plates with numerous other illustrations.

Thomson (W. G.), TAPESTRY WEAVING IN ENGLAND FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO THE END OF THE XVIIIth CENTURY, 30/ net. Batsford
A history of the manufacture of English tapestry, forming part of the "Library of Decorative Art." The illustrations are a notable feature.

Vasari (Giorgio), LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT PAINTERS, SCULPTORS, AND ARCHITECTS, newly translated by Gaston du C. de Vere, Vol. VIII., 25/ net. Lee Warner
This volume covers the period 1511-74, from Bastiano to Taddeo Zucchero.

Victoria and Albert Museum, Department of Textiles: GUIDE TO THE BAYeux TAPESTRY, 6d. Stationery Office
A full-size photographic reproduction of the tapestry, coloured by hand, is exhibited in the Museum. This illustrated guide-book has been prepared by Mr. F. F. L. Birrell.

DRAMA.

Four Plays of the Free Theater, translated, with an Introduction, by Barrett H. Clark, \$1.50 net. Cincinnati, Stewart & Kidd
Containing 'The Fossils,' by M. François de Curel; 'The Serenade,' by M. Jean Julien; 'Françoise Luck,' by M. Georges de Porto-Riche; and 'The Dupe,' by Mr. Georges Ancey. They have all been produced at the Théâtre Libre in Paris. M. Brieux contributes a Preface.

Schnitzler (Arthur), GALLANT CASSIAN, A Puppet Play in One Act, 1/6 net. Gowans & Gray
Translated from the third edition by Mr. Adam L. Gowans.

FOREIGN.

Guerre (La) de 1914, 1fr. Paris, 'La Vie' Offices
A special number of the review *La Vie*, which has suspended its regular publication during the war. The contents include 'A la Clarté de la Guerre,' by M. André Ménabréa, and 'L'Angleterre et la Guerre,' by M. John Charpentier.

Kruisinga (E.), A HANDBOOK OF PRESENT-DAY ENGLISH: VOL. I. ENGLISH SOUNDS, 4/ net. Utrecht, Kemink & Zoon
A second edition, revised.

Montenovesi (Ottorino), IL CAMPO SANTO DI ROMA, 3 lire. Rome, L'Universelle Imprimerie Polyglotte
The history and description of the burial-ground of Rome, with a general plan and 29 illustrations.

Revue Historique, 6 fr. Paris, Alcan
The contents of the September-October number include a Foreword on 'L'Appel des Allemands aux Nations Civilisées'; 'Les Artisans et leur vie en Grèce,' by M. Pierre Waltz; 'Lettres inédites de Sismondi,' by M. P.-N. de Puybusque; and 'Publications relatives à l'Histoire Byzantine,' by M. Louis Bréhier.

SLEEP.

To "the Child in us that trembles before death."—PLATO.

SAY hast thou never been compelled to lie
Wakeful in Night's impenetrable deep,
Counting the laggard moments that so creep
Reluctant onward; till, with voiceless cry
Enduring, thou hadst willing been to fly
From Life itself, and in oblivion steep
Thy tortured senses? To such longed-for sleep
Death is a way; and dost thou fear to die?
Nay, were it this, just this, and naught beside—
Merely the calm that we have anguished for,
The wayfarer might still be glad to hide
From grief and suffering!—but how much more
Is Death,—Life's servitor and friend,—the guide
That safely ferries us from shore to shore!

FLORENCE EARLE COATES.

DR. INGRAM BYWATER.

WE regret to notice the death on Thursday in last week, at the age of 73, of Dr. Ingram Bywater, a Greek scholar of the first rank, and of international reputation. Educated at University College and King's College Schools, he went on to Queen's College, Oxford, as a scholar, and after taking firsts in the two classical examinations became a Fellow of Exeter in 1863, and a tutor in that College for some years. Appointed Reader in Greek in 1883, he became Regius Professor in 1893, and held the chair till 1908, when he retired. At Oxford he played an active part as a delegate of the Press; the weekly meetings of the Oxford Aristotelian Society in his rooms are remembered with gratitude; and in his younger days he was a keen cross-country runner.

Dr. Bywater had that wide and commanding erudition which is typical of an earlier age than the present, and that highly critical taste which prevents some scholars from giving the world an adequate representation—at least, in the permanency of print—of their skill and knowledge. His books are few. Apart from his work on the 'Fragments of Heraclitus' in 1877, and an edition of the works of Priscianus Lydus for the Berlin Academy in 1886, his publications are confined to Aristotle. In 1890 he published a revision of the text of the 'Ethics,' and two years later a supplementary pamphlet on the same subject, including an elaborate account of the Laurentian MS., to which he assigned the first place in importance. In 1897 he published his critical text of the 'Poetics,' which he had been studying for many years. A second edition of this appeared in 1911, embodying in brief form the results he had dealt with at length in his full commentary on the 'Poetics,' with introduction and translation, published in 1909. This was marked throughout by erudite and accurate scholarship and fine critical judgment. On the philological side the work leaves little to be desired. The translation, however, has the freedom of paraphrase, and makes no attempt to rival that of S. H. Butcher.

It should be added that Dr. Bywater was one of the editors of *The Journal of Philology*, and in former years a reviewer in our own columns. He never sought publicity, and lived largely in his library, being a keen collector of early printed and rare Greek books.

Literary Gossip.

MR. ROBERT ADAMS, assistant to Dr. Francis Barrett, who recently retired, has been appointed his successor as Glasgow City Librarian.

FROM the twenty-eighth annual report of the Scottish History Society we learn that since the last meeting the three following volumes have been delivered to members: 'Highland Papers,' edited by Mr. J. R. N. Macphail; 'Selections from the Records of the Regality of Melrose,' edited by Mr. C. S. Romanes; and 'Records of the Earldom of Orkney,' edited by Mr. J. S. Clouston. 'The Scots in Poland,' edited by Mr. A. Francis Steuart, has been delayed by the war; and 'Origins of the '45' has not yet left the hands of Dr. W. B. Laikie.

Early future issues will be the second volume of 'Selections from the Records of the Regality of Melrose'; 'Selections from Bailie Steuart's Letter-Book'; 'Rentale Dunkeldense'; the second volume of 'Wariston's Diary'; the second volume of 'Highland Papers,' edited by Mr. Macphail; and 'Letters of the Earl of Seafield and others to Godolphin relating to Scotland in the Reign of Queen Anne,' edited from MSS. in the British Museum by Prof. Hume Brown.

As was to be expected, FitzGerald's 'Omar' has been pressed into the service of parody. Mr. St. John Hamund has made adequate use of his opportunities in 'The Rubaiyat of William.' The sixth quatrain—

Indeed, indeed, when no one thought of War,
I swore—but did I mean it when I swore?—

My little neighbour Belgium to protect,
Nor let her suffer harm on any score—
expresses aptly the famous paradox of Euripides—

ἡ γλῶσσ' ὁμῶμοχ', ἡ δὲ φρήν ἀνώμοτος,

and the eighth and ninth give good record of ambition and achievement, summed up two stanzas further on in the lines,

I often wonder if the truth can be
One half so ghastly as the tales they tell.

For humorous parody the thirty-fifth quatrain is perhaps the cleverest:—

Now the Young Turk reviving old desires,
Old Abdul Hamid gracefully retires,

While the strong hand of Enver to the plough
Puts forth, and Mehmet on the throne perspires;
while the serious and fateful note of the original is well caught in the final quatrain, with its last words "Turn down an empty Throne." The design at the foot of the page on which the thirty-fifth quatrain figures is eloquent of the Turkish situation.

AT Messrs. Hodgson's sale on the 10th inst. several first editions of Stevenson fetched good prices: 'The Inland Voyage,' 10*l.* 5*s.*; 'Travels with a Donkey,' 9*l.*; 'Treasure Island,' 4*l.* 6*s.*; 'The Silverado Squatters,' 4*l.*; 'Prince Otto,' 6*l.* 6*s.*; and 'A Child's Garden of Verses,' 6*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.*

Other first editions sold were Meredith's 'Richard Feverel,' 3 vols., 6*l.* 10*s.*; Mr. George Moore's 'Flowers of Passion,' 5*l.* 10*s.*, and 'A Mummer's Wife,' 2*l.* 13*s.*; and

Mr. Conrad's 'Tales of Unrest,' 2*l.* 3*s.*, and 'Lord Jim,' 2*l.* 14*s.*

The sale also included Dürer's 'Great Passion,' 1511, &c., in 1 vol., 5*l.*; Chamberlaine's 'Imitations of Holbein,' 4*to.* 9*l.* 10*s.*; Ouseley's 'Coloured Views of South America,' 2*l.*; Ackermann's 'Oxford University,' 2 vols., 13*l.* 5*s.*; and Sir George Trevelyan's 'American Revolution,' 4 vols., 6*l.* 10*s.* An autograph letter from Charles Lamb to Sir Anthony Carlisle sold for 2*l.*

VISCOUNT BRYCE has written an Introduction, and Dr. Nicholas Butler, President of Columbia University, a Preface, to 'The British Empire and the United States,' by Dr. William Dunning, which is announced by Messrs. George Allen & Unwin for January 11th.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH & Co. will publish shortly 'With the Allies,' Mr. Richard Harding Davis's account of his European experiences. The book, which will be illustrated by a number of photographs, describes the bombardment of Reims Cathedral, of which he was an eyewitness; the burning of Louvain; the entrance of the Germans into Brussels; the Battle of Soissons; and the author's arrest on the charge of being an English spy.

ONE of the earliest books to appear in 1915 will be 'The War: its Origins and Warnings,' by Mr. Frank J. Adkins, which Messrs. George Allen & Unwin will publish on January 4th.

A new author for the New Year is announced by the same publishers in Mr. Eric Leadbitter, whose novel, 'Rain before Seven,' will be published on January 11th.

WE notice the appearance in Paris of 'L'Appel des Intellectuels Allemands: Textes Officiels,' translated by M. Louis Dimier, who has supplied also a Preface and commentary to the German claims.

M. GEORGES OHNET has begun the issue, in fortnightly parts, of a 'Journal d'un Bourgeois de Paris pendant la Guerre de 1914.'

MESSRS. STANLEY PAUL are publishing in January Vols. I. and II. of 'The Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon,' translated and edited by Mr. Francis Arkwright; a translation by Lady Theodora Davidson of 'Juliette Drouet's Love-Letters' to Victor Hugo, edited with a biography of Juliette by M. Louis Guimbaud; and 'Life and Letters in the Italian Renaissance,' by Christopher Hare. All the three books will be illustrated.

NEXT YEAR we shall revert to the use of 'Our Library Table' for short notices which cannot be conveniently arranged in the front part of the paper.

MR. MADISON CAWEIN, whose death is announced in the New York *Nation* of the 10th inst., was one of the most prolific American poets of the day, and produced over twenty volumes. His work was especially appreciated in his own state of Kentucky. His 'Kentucky Poems' were introduced to English readers by Mr. Gosse in 1902, and recently his own selection of his verse was published with a Foreword by Mr. W. D. Howells.

SCIENCE

The House-Fly, Musca domestica, Linn. : its Structure, Habits, Development, Relation to Disease, and Control. By C. Gordon Hewitt. (Cambridge University Press, 15s. net.)

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I,
wrote Oldys in an earlier age, and the men of letters who have moralized on the fly regard it as harmless. When Tennyson in 'Maud' speaks of a man walking "with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies," he does not refer to *Musca domestica*. The "sweet-hearted" person of 'In Memoriam,' whose light-blue eyes were "tender over drowning flies," thought that "doubt is Devil-born," and had no doubts, we presume, concerning the blameless life of the submerged insects. But doubts with the scientific observer have long become certainties. The common house-fly is condemned, and has attained an evil importance.

Since *Musca domestica* was proved to be a carrier of human disease much has been written and published concerning it. It has inspired the researches of competent authorities, and has incited much popular publication by other writers. The present volume not only deals with its malign efficacy in the dissemination of disease, but also constitutes the fullest and best life-history of it which has yet appeared. Dr. Hewitt has investigated his subject at first hand, and his extensive bibliography shows that he is also familiar with the work of others.

As we read these pages we are again reminded that *Musca domestica*, like most other noxious animal organisms, is largely dependent on the insanitary conditions existing in most human communities, and a prevalence of house-flies may well arouse a suspicion as to sanitary arrangements, both in urban and rural populations; in fact, a numerical increase of this insect should be as important to the health officer as to the entomologist, or even more so. Dr. Hewitt states that there is a very large amount of testimony as to the part played by flies in the spread of enteric in military stations and camps, and especially during the two recent wars—the Spanish-American and the Boer War. During the former, officers whose mess-tents were protected by screens suffered proportionally less from typhoid fever than did those whose tents were not so protected; whilst in the latter war a decrease in the disease was coincident with the killing of the flies by the cold nights of May and June. It is some comfort to reflect that the dangers and discomforts of our troops during the present war will not be thus supplemented for some months to come.

The relation of house-flies to many diseases is a subject for review in a medical rather than in a literary journal, but this matter forms only one section of the volume, which deals also thoroughly with the structure and general habits of the species. A fair-sized volume devoted to the life of

a single insect may perhaps provoke a smile among literary men; but this publication provides the detail of an up-to-date knowledge, and may be recommended as at present the book on the subject.

The Living Touch. By Dorothy Kerin. (Bell & Sons, 2s. 6d. net.)

MISS DOROTHY KERIN is as one born out of due season. Five hundred years ago she would have made the reputation of the convent in which she would certainly have lived. The account of her miraculous visions would have spread abroad, and thousands would have gone on pilgrimage to see her. Had she lived only a hundred and fifty years ago, she would have made a worthy successor to Mary Tofts, who was vouched for by Howard the apothecary and Nathanael St. André, the King's Anatomist. As it is, she remains a neurasthenic who sees beatific visions, hears heavenly voices, and suffers from mysterious complaints. She belongs to a dangerous, but not uncommon type who not only succeed in deceiving themselves, but are also able to impose upon their friends and neighbours. They undergo protean changes both physically and mentally, often with such rapidity that it is difficult for the uninstructed to believe that such metamorphoses are merely phases in the disorder. In this particular case Miss Kerin has succeeded in deluding her doctor, who bears witness that, "in my opinion, it is beyond the power of medical science to explain" the things which happened to her. The whole testimony of the relatives, friends, and nurses which she adduces shows how small is the critical faculty even in those who may be assumed to have had some education, and how ingrained is the love of the marvellous.

INSTINCT AND EMOTION.

A SYMPOSIUM on 'Instinct and Emotion,' by Dr. Wm. McDougall, Mr. A. F. Shand, and Prof. G. F. Stout, produced an interesting discussion at the Aristotelian Society on the 14th inst.

The question of the relation of instinct to emotion was first prominently brought forward in the theory of instinct expounded by Dr. McDougall in his 'Social Psychology.' Instinct was in his view the fact of fundamental importance in the study of human nature. His particular contention was that instincts were certain innate dispositions to a course of action, and these were called into activity by definite emotions. Each principal human instinct was attached to a primary emotion. These instincts with their corresponding emotions were the instinct of flight and the emotion of fear, repulsion and disgust, curiosity and wonder, pugnacity and anger, self-abasement and self-assertion, with subjection and elation, and finally, the parental instinct, to which corresponded the tender emotion. These were not, of course, exhaustive, but they served to indicate the nature of the constituents of the human mind and the foundations of human social life.

Mr. A. F. Shand in his recent book 'The Foundation of Character' criticized and challenged this theory on an essential point. He denied that there is in fact any such

organic attachment between a principal instinct and a primary emotion as the theory required, and he argued that, on the contrary, any instinct and any emotion could be freely built up into an emotional system. These systems constituted, in Mr. Shand's view, a kind of hierarchy at the basis of which were instincts and innate tendencies which were natural dispositions; these became organized in systems of the emotions, and these again in the larger systems of the sentiments, the chief of which are love and hate.

In the symposium Dr. McDougall said that he agreed with Mr. Shand in holding that the innate constitution of the human species contains a number of dispositions which determine us to the pursuit of ends independent of all experience of these ends. These dispositions are all alike in their affective-conative aspect. The most differentiated are what we call the primary emotions. Each of these primary emotions is experienced when a particular one of the more complex conative dispositions is brought into play. He differed from Mr. Shand, however, in the distinction the latter made between the emotional disposition and the instinct. He considered that in this distinction Mr. Shand was proceeding from a radically false conception of instinct. He used instinct to bridge the chasm between psychical and bodily activity. In his own view, on the contrary, all the innate conative dispositions are of essentially similar nature, are all alike "affective dispositions," and the distinctive qualities of the feelings we call emotions are but highly differentiated qualities of the feeling which accompanies them. That instinct and emotion are connected means that they work together. The energy of conative dispositions, which is the source of energy for the whole process, and the fact that it is connected with the cognitive disposition in the instinct, render the cognitive disposition capable of activity.

Mr. Shand denied that his view implied a separation as well as a distinction between the instinct and the emotion, or that it was an attempt to overcome a psycho-physical difficulty. Dr. McDougall's theory failed signally to account for the chain-instincts, such as the nest-building of birds, and the highly differentiated actions of insects making provision for their offspring. In such cases we had not one instinct, but a multiplicity of instincts, and how could they be correlated with one emotion?

Prof. Stout declared that much of the difference between the two theories could be traced to the ambiguity in the use of the term "instinct." In popular usage, instinct always implied some kind of congenital endowment; but mainly it referred to a distinction between the actions of human beings as determined by reason and the lessons of experience, and the actions of lower animals when they appear to aim at certain ends by means which cannot have been learnt in past experience. Instinctive movements involve psychical process of a peculiar kind, innately determined, and the nature of this psychical activity is generally regarded as a mystery. For Mr. Shand the central fact from which the definition of instinct must start is the existence of trains of congenitally determined movements directed to ends, and distinctively characteristic of the various species of animals. But in considering instinct as wholly consisting in complex trains of motor behaviour, and neglecting the reference to the kind of psychical process involved in their execution, Mr. Shand had laid himself open to Dr. McDougall's criticism, namely, that he obscures the distinction between instinctive

behaviour and reflex action. This, however, could be easily rectified. Dr. McDougall's definition of instinct, on the other hand, passed over as unessential the existence of definite trains of movements congenitally determined, and considered the distinguishing mark of instinct to be the existence of psychical dispositions with their nervous correlates. The vital issue between the two views is the question whether, and under what conditions, different special emotions occur within the same instinctive activity, and whether the same special emotion can be directly connected with different types of motor activity, and also the same type of motor activity with different emotions. In illustration Prof. Stout took a special case, the parental instinct, to which, in Dr. McDougall's view, there corresponded one special emotion, the tender emotion. In what sense could this emotion be considered one and primary, since it must include emotions so different as joy and sorrow?

Dr. Edgell doubted if the word "instinct" could have any useful function in psychological terminology. What distinguishes instinct in biology is a fact of structure which may mean some special arrangement of the nervous system, a congenital mechanism. It can only have a strictly psychological meaning if it is taken to stand for a given interrelation of cognition, affection, and conation. The difficulty of regarding the specific impulse or tendency in each instinct as fixed to the structural disposition is to know how the impulse can ever seek a new outlook other than that which is innately prescribed for it—to know how, in fact, it can grow and develop.

Dr. Mott referred to the important physiological aspect of the question. Recent discoveries in bio-chemistry had shown that emotions such as fear were invariably accompanied by specific organic disturbances and particular secretions. Dr. McDougall's attempt to identify concealment and flight as forms of one instinct correlated with the emotion of fear was physiologically impossible. Tremendous liberation of energy is necessary in flight, and all the muscles of the body are involved; and this must overcome the paralysis of the muscles which fear induces, if the animal is to escape by flight. He also referred to the experiments of Prof. Sherrington and others to prove that instinctive reactions can take place when cognition is entirely in abeyance, as in decerebrate animals.

Dr. Ernest Jones viewed the problem from the point of view of abnormal psychology. Dr. McDougall had identified sentiment with "complex." It was rather what in psychoanalysis is known as a "constellation." It was very important to distinguish sentiment from instinct. The former is acquired by individual experience.

Prof. Nunn regarded the problem as fundamentally concerned with the question whether instinct could be regarded as a source of energy. This underlay the particular question on which the two writers were mainly divided. May emotions be connected with a number of instincts or activities? He preferred not to call instincts activities, because they do not represent sources of energy. The emotion itself was a difficulty in Dr. McDougall's theory, for it seemed almost identical with energy. Is, then, the energy we actually experience in every case to be attributed to an emotion, even when we are not aware of emotion and have no emotional experience? He thought it possible that, in the earlier stages of evolution, external behaviour was practically the whole of instinct.

SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—Dec. 2.—Dr. A. S. Woodward, President, in the chair.—Prof. T. McKenny Hughes read a paper 'On the Age and Character of the Shippea Hill Man.' He gave a general description of the skeleton. When it was first dug out the skull was in fragments, and the calotte, with its prominent brow-ridges, suggested to many a greater affinity to the Neanderthal type, and a greater antiquity, than appeared probable when the rest of the cranium was added to it. He claimed that it could not be older than Neolithic, and suggested that it might be even as late as the time of the monks of Ely, who had a retreat on the island close by.

The second paper was 'On a Bone Implement from Piltown (Sussex),' by Mr. C. Dawson and Dr. A. S. Woodward. During the past season the authors have continued excavations in the Piltown gravel round the edge of the area previously explored. The most important discovery was a large bone implement, which was found in dark vegetable soil not far from the spoil-heap whence the right parietal bone of the Piltown skull was obtained two years ago. It appears to be a longitudinal strip flaked from a limb-bone by a blow at the thicker end, in the same way as flint implements were flaked from their original cores. Direct comparison suggests that it was taken from a proboscidean femur as large as that of *Elephas meridionalis*.

METEOROLOGICAL.—Dec. 16.—Mr. W. F. Stacey read a paper on 'The Distribution of Relative Humidity in England and Wales.' He had prepared mean monthly and annual maps of relative humidity based on the 9 A.M. observations made at over 90 stations during the years 1901-1910. An examination of these maps shows that in winter the air over the interior of the country is more moist than that over the coastal regions; that the minimum relative humidity occurs earlier in the year in the western parts of the country than in the eastern; that in summer the air over the interior of the country is drier than that over the coastal regions; and that the smallest range of humidity is found in the West, and the greatest in the interior towards the East. The distribution of temperature is the chief determining factor in the distribution of relative humidity; while sea influence, the direction and character of prevailing winds, and the configuration of the country have important effects on temperature, and therefore on relative humidity.

A paper by Mr. A. E. M. Geddes on 'Observations of the Upper Atmosphere at Aberdeen by means of Pilot Balloons' was also read. These observations were made at the Observatory, King's College, during 1912 and 1913, and in every case two theodolites were used, thus securing an accurate determination of the flights to a level of 3,000 metres.

SOCIETY OF ENGINEERS.—Dec. 14.—*Annual Meeting.*—The awards of premiums in respect of papers published in the *Journal* of the Society during 1914 were announced as follows: The President's Gold Medal to Mr. A. S. E. Ackermann for his paper on 'The Utilization of Solar Energy'; the Bessemer Premium, value 5*l.* 5*s.*, to Mr. A. S. Buckle for his paper on 'Cylinder Bridge Foundations in the East'; the Clarke Premium, value 5*l.* 5*s.*, to Mr. S. M. Dodginton for his paper on 'Mechanical Appliances for the Painless Killing of Animals'; the Premium, value 3*l.* 3*s.*, for members of affiliated societies, to Mr. R. H. Cunningham (Crystal Palace Engineering School) for his paper on 'Irrigation in India'; and a Society's Premium, value 2*l.* 2*s.*, to Mr. James Tonge for his paper on 'Uses of the Hydraulic Mining Cartridge.'

The Scrutineers reported that the following had been elected as members of the Council and officers for 1915: *President*, Norman Scorgie; *Vice-Presidents*, Percy Griffith and Henry C. Adams; *Members of Council*, Henry Adams, C. T. Walrond, S. Cowper-Coles, B. H. M. Hewett, F. H. Hummel, G. A. Becks, F. L. Ball, W. B. Esson, G. O. Case, and W. N. Twelvetees; *Associate Member of Council*, C. E. May; *Hon. Secretary* and *Hon. Treasurer*, D. B. Butler.

ARISTOTELIAN.—Dec. 14.—Dr. F. C. S. Schiller in the chair.—The following were elected Members: Miss B. C. Barfield, Mr. Oliver Strachey, Mr. James Stuart, and Prof. Sugimori. The papers read on 'Instinct and Emotion' are reported in another column.

MEETINGS NEXT WEEK.

TUES. Royal Institution, 3.—'Mechanics in the Home,' Prof. C. V. Boys. (Juvenile Lecture.)
THURS. Royal Institution, 3.—'Chemistry in the Home,' Prof. C. V. Boys. (Juvenile Lecture.)
SAT. Royal Institution, 3.—'Fluids in the Home,' Prof. C. V. Boys. (Juvenile Lecture.)

FINE ARTS

An Artist in Spain. By A. C. Michael. (Hodder & Stoughton, 20*s.* net.)

THE illustrations are the chief attraction of this volume; but the text, though somewhat diffuse, is by no means without merit. Mr. Michael does not usually take the guide-books as his models, and such a sentence as the following is scarcely typical: "Segovia occupies a lofty eminence between the converging curves of two small rivers, one flowing through a fertile valley and the other through a deep and narrow ravine."

The writer had visited Spain before, and, if he has nothing very new to say about places as familiar as Salamanca, Madrid, and Granada, his good sense and good nature are unfailing. His digressions show that he has a very fair acquaintance with the language and literature of Spain, and he is, perhaps, too ready to assume that his readers are as well informed as himself. A word or two might have been spared to the Villena mentioned on p. 24, and, similarly, a few lines would have been welcome concerning Don Ieronimo (p. 37), the fighting bishop—"Bien entendido es de letras e mucho acordado"—who figures in the 'Poema del Cid.' But we do not mean to imply that Mr. Michael makes no concessions to the laity. On the contrary, he goes on the simple principle of giving the most picturesque version of every anecdote connected with the city which he is describing. Thus we read of Luis de León's imprisonment by the Inquisition, of his returning on his release to his chair at Salamanca, and of his beginning his lecture with the words "Decíamos ayer," "As we were saying yesterday" (p. 40). So "the story goes," says Mr. Michael, and the phrase perhaps implies more than a shade of doubt. The doubt is justified, for Luis de León's chair was filled during his imprisonment, he lectured in Latin (not in Spanish), and the incident is never heard of till some thirty years after his death.

If the author has the opportunity of revising his text, he would do well to modify the perplexing statement (p. 123) that Don Pedro was "called by some the Cruel, by others the Just." This implies a curious misinterpretation of words and of historical fact. After his fall, Don Pedro was commonly called "the Cruel"; he can but rarely have been called "the Just." He has, however, been frequently presented on the Spanish stage as a fearless administrator of the law ("El Justiciero"), and his legendary reputation for high-handed dealing with the nobles has made him something of a favourite with the Spanish democracy from the seventeenth century onwards.

But we have no quarrel with Mr. Michael; his interests are wide; and though we do not agree with his views on the respective merits of popular bull-fighters, or of the *seguidillas* and the *jota aragonesa*, he discusses these and many other *cosas de España* with intelligence and point.

Musical Gossip.

THE year now drawing to a close has indeed been eventful. Since August the public has been chiefly engaged in following the details of the war. The only concerts which made any marked appeal were those organized for benevolent purposes. For his Promenade and Symphony Concerts Sir Henry J. Wood had announced many novelties. The foreign, and notably the German and Austrian, items were withdrawn. All the British novelties announced were, however, given. While the war lasts, and probably long after it has been brought to an end, British compositions will be in request, and the best composers, as in the Elizabethan period and even earlier, ought again to be held in highest honour by Continental nations. At one time British music was virtually ignored by them, but its repute has been rapidly growing.

A NOTABLE event of this year was the first production of 'Parsifal' in England, at Covent Garden. Innumerable performances of excerpts from that work had been given for many years in the concert-room, but these had only whetted the appetite for a complete stage presentation. Twelve performances were announced, but more were added at the winter and also at the grand season. Some mentally compared it with the 'Ring,' 'Tristan,' and 'Die Meistersinger,' and found it wanting. Others, in sympathy with the subject and its treatment, thought it Wagner's highest achievement; and even musicians, at first somewhat indifferent, became after a few hearings deeply impressed. At every performance up to the end there was no flagging of interest. 'Parsifal,' on account of its length and difficult stage-mounting, may never become part of the regular repertory of any theatre, but occasional performances will, no doubt, be given for many years.

A SECOND event of importance was Mr. Joseph Beecham's Russian season at Drury Lane. The operas of the previous year were repeated, and created, especially in the case of Moussorgski's 'Boris Godounov,' an equally strong impression. These and other operas, in the treatment of the chorus, the use of folk-melodies, and the due subordination of the music, opened up new and tempting paths. Wagner, in spite of his system, wrote masterpieces; but that system has proved the ruin of many a promising composer.

At the extra concert of the London Symphony Orchestra, at Queen's Hall on the 17th inst., the programme opened with a Symphony by M. A. Wischnegradsky, born at Petrograd in 1867. He has written three such works. The present one is planned on classical lines. This is no drawback; only, when the form be old, there must be something new in the music, if it is to command attention. That quality is lacking, although at times the very full scoring makes the work sound more imposing than it is in reality. The Allegretto is a graceful, if not striking movement.

M. M. Meytschik, a Russian pianist, played the solo part of M. Scriabin's Piano-forte Concerto. The simple Andante was delicately rendered, but in the loud passages in the other two movements the tone was hard. The composer's own rendering of it some months ago was more effective, but the music itself represents an early stage in his career—when Chopin was his idol. The Finale is the weakest section. M. Safonoff and the orchestra gave a fine performance of Tschalkowsky's 'Manfred.'

THE most distinctive feature in the Albert Hall concert of the Royal Choral Society last Saturday (Christmas Carols and Patriotic Music) was the admirable combination of the four soloists in the second part of 'In Dulci Jubilo': the passage "O Patris caritas," &c., is singularly intricate and exquisite, needing a thorough appreciation of old-time counterpoint and what we may call its *lateral* (rather than the modern *vertical*) harmony, and to this full justice was done. Mr. Alfred Heather showed equal appreciation of the medieval spirit in his short phrase "a cunabulis" in the carol of that name. There was a distinctly sacerdotal touch, which was particularly telling, in his enunciation.

There were several excellent items in the programme: 'Ring out, Wild Bells,' by Mr. Percy E. Fletcher, and 'The Kingsway,' by Sir Edward Elgar, were, perhaps, the most effective. Sir Frederick Bridge's compositions and arrangements were pleasing, but too "long-winded." He takes too much time to make his point, and is then inclined to write all round it; whereas Sir Edward Elgar fits his theme to his words, and achieves the movement necessary to these without undue delay or loss of effect.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING of the Incorporated Society of Musicians will open at Harrogate on January 1st.

PERFORMANCES NEXT WEEK.

SUN. Concert, 3.30, Royal Albert Hall.
SAT. Sunday Concert Society, 3.30, Queen's Hall.
SAT. New Year's Concert, 8, Queen's Hall.
FRI. Royal Choral Society, 'The Messiah,' 7.30, Royal Albert Hall.

Dramatic Gossip.

'DER TAG,' by Sir James Barrie, was given for the first time at the Coliseum last Monday afternoon. As a play it is as inadequate in its purpose of presenting to us the cause and effect of the present war as a tin whistle would be were it used to sound a cavalry charge. This is not to deny that some of its notes ring out with truthful sincerity. The Emperor, hesitating whether he shall sign the fateful paper loosing the dogs of war, soliloquizes as an egotist intoxicated with his own power probably would. The figure which represents Culture utters things which bear, at least, the stamp of truth—"England, O Emperor, was grown degenerate, but you have made her great again." But such isolated flashes only throw the whole into a deeper shadow of obscurity. We must suppose that Mr. Norman McKinnel was quite sure as to the distinction in the play between dreamland and waking moments, but he failed to make it clear to us. We noted the naive paragraph given to members of the audience by the management to the effect that "there will be no attempt on the part of the Actors in this Play to suggest, artificially, the appearance of the Characters they represent"; but surely it was not necessary to make Court functionaries speak as do these:—

"Officer. Your Imperial Majesty is not afraid to sign?"

"Emperor (flashing). Afraid!"

"Officer (abjectly). Oh, sire!...

"Chancellor. I ask your pardon, sire. It came, somehow, pat to my lips."

It was indeed a sorry thing to follow Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's 'A Story of Waterloo,' and it is not as though Sir James Barrie lacks the necessary intuition. For he can appreciate well enough the evil which

has brought war on us. In the principal part of 'The Twelve-Pound Look' he faithfully mirrored that selfish desire for aggrandizement which has brought low countless individuals, and is now ruining a mighty empire. It were well that individually and collectively we recognized this spirit for what it is, and that is the end which we expected the present piece to serve. The actors did, perhaps, as much as they could with the stuff dealt out to them.

THE ULSTER PLAYERS, who appeared last week at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, produced a new North of Ireland play entitled 'If.' Humorous dialogue and good character-drawing did much to atone for a somewhat ragged plot, and the author, Mr. Rutherford Mayne, made as Col. Sylvestre a decided hit.

PROF. GILBERT MURRAY has nearly completed a verse translation of the 'Alcestis,' which will in due course be published by Messrs. George Allen & Unwin. Prof. Murray has also revised his own play 'Carlyon Sahib,' which will be issued by the same house.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—C. C. S.—L. Y. B.—J. D. H.—Received.

No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. We cannot undertake to reply to inquiries concerning the appearance of reviews of books.

We do not undertake to give the value of books, china, pictures, &c.

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